

# MAINE FARMER

## AND JOURNAL OF THE USEFUL ARTS.

BY WILLIAM NOYES & CO.]

"Our Home, Our Country, and Our Brother Man."

[E. HOLMES, Editor.]

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### The Maine Farmer

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### THE FARMER.

WINTHROP, FRIDAY MORNING, DEC. 25, 1835.

### Chemistry for Farmers.—No. 7.

COMPOSITION OF THE AIR—OXYGEN, &c.

In our last, we ascertained that the atmospheric air was made up of at least two ingredients, one of which, from our experiments, we learned was lighter than common air—would not support flame, or give support to animal life. The other ingredient disappeared during the burning of substances in common air, and we must devise some method to investigate its properties, if we can detect it, and get hold of it in any way.

Let us try. Suppose you take a piece of lead, and put it upon a common shovel, or into a ladle, or crucible, and expose it to the heat of the fire. It will soon melt, it remains bright for a short time—then grows dim, and a greenish grey film spreads over it, which is commonly called "dross." Scrape this off, and another forms—scrape this off, and another one forms, and so it will continue to form until you have all your lead changed into this "dross." If you had weighed it carefully when you first put it down to melt, and then weighed it, after it had become changed to dross, you would have found that it had become heavier; of course it must have obtained something or other from some source, and this source must either be the fire, or the air. It must have come from the air, for we cannot ascertain as yet that heat has any weight at all, or that it increases the weight of any body when it enters into it; but we have proved that the air has weight, and there is no doubt that the substance which has mingled itself with the lead, was a part of the air. Suppose you continue the heat upon the dross, by putting it into crucibles, and plunging them into the heat of a furnace or blacksmiths forge, and stirring it often, in time, this dross will change to a red color, and finally becomes what is well known by the name of *red lead*. It has been found by experiment, that 100 lbs. of lead managed in this way, gains 10 lbs. of something from the air, which converts it into red lead. But what is this something, and can it be obtained from the lead again? If you take the red lead and put it into some glass vessel, that has a tube which can be conveyed under the jar, or tumbler, of the pneumatic trough, which we described in our last, and add to it some oil of vitriol, or sulphuric acid, and apply a gentle heat of coals; a gas will be driven off, and pass into the jars of the trough. This must be the portion of the atmosphere which was absorbed by the lead, while

it was converted into red lead.\* Having thus obtained a portion of the air, or gas, let us examine its properties. If you have filled your jar with it, put a smooth piece of board under the mouth of it, lift it out of the water, and turn it mouth upward—have ready a lighted candle, or a piece of paper twisted hard, and lighted at one end. Take off the board and plunge the taper into it, you will find that the blaze instantly becomes not only much larger, but much brighter than it was in common air. It must therefore, support combustion, or flame, much better than common air. Fill a large jar, or a large glass bottle with this gas. Take some fine iron wire, and twist it up in a spiral twist, on one end tie a small piece of thread, and dip this thread into melted sulphur, this will make a little match. Stick one end of the wire into a cork; light the match on the other end, and put it carefully into the bottle of gas. The match will increase in heat, the wire will take fire, and finally burn up. Take a large bottle filled with this gas, and put a mouse into it. You will find that he will live here, much longer than he will in the same bottle full of common air. This proves that it will support life in an eminent degree. From this circumstance it has been called *vital air*, but is now for reasons which we will hereafter mention, called oxygen; and it is the ingredient of the atmosphere, which, when mingled with the other ingredient, (*nitrogen*), supports life and flame, &c.

We have now found that the atmospheric air is not, as was supposed by the ancients, a simple substance, but a compound, made up of nitrogen and vital air, or oxygen. Nice and accurate experiments have ascertained that 100 parts of common air, afford or are made up of—say four parts of *nitrogen* to one of *oxygen*, or more exactly 100 grains of common air afford a little over 75 grains of nitrogen, and not quite 25 grains of oxygen.

That common air was made of these two ingredients, was first discovered by Lavoisier, a celebrated French Chemist; a man of great worth and talents, but who was doomed to have his head cut off by the guillotine, during the French revolution, for no other reason, than because he was an honest man. He begged to have a few days more granted him, that he might finish some important chemical experiments in which he was engaged, but his

\* It may be supposed that if we drive off the gas, or portion of air which has united with the lead, we shall obtain it again pure. This can be done, but not with the sulphuric acid. For the acid unites with the lead and expels the gas. It is a case of affinity—the lead in the first place when heated, had an affinity or attraction for a portion of the air, and was changed in its properties. When you add the acid, the lead has a stronger attraction for it, than it has for the portion of the air, and gives it off.

If you feel disposed to convert the red lead which you have made, into pure lead again, and do not wish to catch or save the gas which has made it into red lead, you can do it very readily in the following manner:—Mix two ounces of red lead with two drams of pulverized charcoal, one ounce of common salt, and a little borax—heat the mixture in a crucible in a blacksmiths forge, or in any place where sufficient heat can be obtained—the lead will be found again at the bottom of the crucible, having parted with the gas to the charcoal, salt, &c.

butchers hurried him to the scaffold, and added him to the thousands of murdered victims, of those who had risen above all law, and reason, and humanity.

"He took a certain quantity of the metal called quicksilver, and exposed it in a strong heat, in a glass flask along with a certain quantity of air. On the second day," says he, "small red particles began to appear on the surface of the mercury; those during the four or five days following, gradually increased in size and number, after which they ceased to increase in either respect. At the end of twelve days, seeing that the calcination of the mercury did not at all increase, I extinguished the fire, and the materials were examined after they had cooled."

The air had diminished in bulk and weight. The remaining air would not support flame, and the mercury or quicksilver had increased in weight. It was converted into the *rust* of mercury, or what is more correct, the *oxide* of mercury, sometimes known by the name of "*red precipitate*."

It had absorbed the oxygen from the air, and become entirely changed thereby, from a simple to a compound body. This oxygen can again be separated from the mercury by exposing it to considerable heat. Take the red scales and put them into a gun barrel, which is made tight by plugging up the hole at the breech, tie an empty bladder tightly to the muzzle, and place the breech into the fire. The oxygen will be driven off into the bladder, and the quicksilver be reduced to its metallic state again.

Although analyzing the air is one method of obtaining oxygen, yet it is rather a slow process of procuring it for the purposes of experiments, and Chemists have discovered that it may be easily obtained in great quantities, from several substances with which it is naturally combined. For this purpose it will be convenient to have what is called an iron retort; which is a cast or wrought iron bottle, with the nozzle reamed out true, and an iron tube as an old gun barrel fitted in, and clay mortar or lute put round to make it air tight. If into this bottle you put the oxide of manganese, a substance which you will find at some of the apothecaries, fix in the tube, and apply a good heat, you will drive off the oxygen, which is combined with the manganese, and it may be caught in your bottles and jars in your pneumatic trough. A pound of manganese will afford 45 pints of oxygen gas.

A better, and more easy and cheap method of procuring it is, to take common *salt-petre*, and put it into your iron bottle, and apply a strong red heat, when the oxygen will be driven off abundantly. Or if you cannot procure an iron retort—take a gun barrel, and make it tight as before mentioned, which will make a very good retort, altho' it will not hold so much as the iron bottle. A pound of salt petre will afford 12,000 cubic inches of oxygen gas. If you cannot procure a gun barrel, and wish to see something of the effects of oxygen, take a little salt petre and throw it upon some burning coals. The oxygen will be liberated by the heat and manifest itself by greatly increasing the heat of the coals.

We cannot here enumerate all the properties of



oxygen. But a few of the more important of them may not be uninteresting to you. It is one of the most active of the elements. Its union with the different substances, changes their properties in a remarkable degree, and even the different proportions with which it combines, give different properties and characters to the same substances—for instance, united or mingled with the substance called nitrogen, in the proportion of 1 part of oxygen to 4 of nitrogen, it constitutes the common air which we breathe, and without which we could not live. With 8 of oxygen, and 14 of nitrogen, it forms a gas called exhilarating gas, or laughing gas, which when breathed produces a species of intoxication. With 40 of oxygen and 24 of nitrogen it forms a gas which is absorbed by water and produces the nitric acid—a substance which is very caustic and corrosive, and will dissolve iron and copper and silver, and most other metals—burn the flesh and dissolve cotton or woollen cloth. With other proportions of the same substance—it produces compounds entirely different from the above. It combines with the metals and rusts them, or as Chemists say, *oxidizes* them, or forms *oxides*. Thus, your shovel, or chain, or plough share, when left out doors, unites with a portion of the oxygen of the air and becomes *rusty*. It unites with the iron in the blacksmith's forge which flies off in the form of black scales when he pounds it on his anvil. It unites with many substances and makes them *acid* or *sour*, and hence the name oxygen is given it, a word which is derived from two Greek words, which mean—"to make sour." Its combination with the different metals, makes different colored substances which are used for paint. It unites with oils and renders them rancid, or when the oil is ground up with substances used for pigments, it unites still further and hardens, or as we say, dries them. Its union with fuel when heated sufficiently, causes it to *burn* and increase in heat for our relief and comfort. In short, it is a sort of ministering angel to our necessities and wants. It is above us and below us, within us and around us—we breathe it, we eat it, and we *drink* it.

For the Maine Farmer.

### Ruta Baga, &c.

MR. HOLMES:—I presume that Ruta Baga has now taken pretty good foot hold in our State. Many farmers in this section of the State (Oxford Co.) are beginning to think more favorably of this root; and many who have all along sneered at "new notions," have determined to commence the business the next year. I find this root to be a strong feeder and a pretty powerful exhauster of soil, but I think this need not be regretted, provided always that good attention be paid to manure. A farmer who should cultivate this root for the market and not buy manure, would soon "run his farm out," as the phrase is: but on the contrary, the farmer who feeds out his roots to his stock, and employs proper artificial means to preserve the quality and increase the quantity of his manure, will certainly make the culture of this root a profitable business, if there is any truth in arithmetic. In a country where the materials are so abundant, the farmer who will not double his manure by artificial means, must be either very slothful or very stupid, or very inattentive to his best interests. He who sings small in the manure line, must sing small in the Ruta Baga line, or any other line, if there is any virtue in logic. Some farmers will say they cannot get time to haul muck, &c. Well, it is supposed that every man who calls himself a farmer owns a yoke of oxen and cart—if not, he must be in a

worse condition than a bank without specie. He should lay aside 10, 15 or \$20 every year for the express purpose of hiring some good man to haul materials for manure. Such a farmer will not long be troubled with small potatoes, or the Ohio fever nor will he be frightened at the idea of Ruta Baga exhausting the soil.

A farmer, who, when cleansing his barn yard of manure, neglects to cart a goodly quantity of dirt to place on its bottom to absorb those rich juices which must otherwise soak into the earth, and be entirely lost, or who suffers his manure during the summer season to lie without a covering of some substance calculated to absorb those rich gases which must otherwise be lost in the air, must be a——not a good farmer. The farmers of Maine are as respectable a class of men as there are upon earth; but many of them are very slow to believe, and very unwilling to follow, a new track in husbandry.

In No. 31, of the present volume of your paper, the subject of Ruta Baga being injurious to corn crops was discussed. You asserted it as a fact that corn will not grow well after a ruta бага crop, but that some other crops will flourish just as well as if ruta бага had not preceded them. You also say that "the subject is worth studying into, not only for the practical advantages which a true answer to it will give, but also for the satisfaction it would afford to the enquiring mind in the triumph thus obtained over matter. It would seem that there is some mysterious remedy not yet discovered, which if known, would at very little expense remove the difficulty." I have reflected considerably on the subject, and am unable to prescribe any other remedy but the contents of the barn yard, with clover, and a proper rotation of crops as auxiliaries.

Indian corn will not grow well on exhausted soil though abundantly manured the first year it is applied. The manure must have time to become fully decomposed, and come into that state calculated to afford a high degree of nourishment, before this delicate plant will thrive well. If a piece of ground which this year reared a crop of ruta бага should be highly manured the next year, and put to some crop that will flourish well—then to be seeded abundantly with clover seed and kept in grass a year or two—then will not corn grow well? If not, it must be a tough case and some more efficient remedy must be devised.

I wish you, Mr. Editor, to give your ideas a little further, and if I am wrong in any respect I wish to be corrected.

Before I dismiss the subject of ruta бага I will make two statements—the one is, that if there is any other root cultivated in this State which will yield as great a nett profit as ruta бага and exhaust the soil less, it should receive the preference. The other is, that I hope the farmers will make use of hatchets instead of knives, to cut up large roots for their stock.

With regard to potatoes I can say, that I have had some "bitter experience," and some very good luck the past season. I read the communication of one G. K. Barnum, and by his statements I was induced to plant my potatoes very thick. I expected a tremendous crop, but I did not have quite 300 bushels to the acre. In one part of the field, very highly manured with green barn yard dung, where the potatoes were not planted too thick, I had very nearly or quite at the rate of 800 bushels to the acre. The soil I cultivate may be termed a clayey loam not very stiff. It is possible that on a very light soil potatoes may be planted thicker, supposing the ground is not very rich nor highly

manured.—You will perceive, Mr. Editor, that in this communication I have repeated ideas somewhat similar in regard to manure to those I expressed in my communication of October last. All the apology I shall offer is, that important facts can hardly be too often repeated.

R.

Rumford, December, 1835.

For the Maine Farmer.

### Religious Exercise at Cattle Show.

MR. HOLMES:—Having seen in a late number of the Farmer a few ideas or objections to some of the forms of proceeding at the Show and Fair, I felt an irresistible inclination to enquire what could be the disadvantage or impropriety of a collection of accountable beings, (as represented by the writer) assembling after an exhibition of the productions of a bountiful season, and after witnessing with satisfaction the rapid march of improvement and display of genius as manifested in various departments of mechanism and taste. What objection to calling the attention of this Society for a short period to reflect and consider from whence these blessings emanate—or shall we in the true spirit of the worldling say, it is enough, let us worship at mammon's shrine, forgetful of the bountiful dispenser. And the writer further observes that such a class of people are not rightly prepared and qualified to perform acceptable worship. I would simply ask why? If Christians, we are at all times and in all places prepared to give honor to whom all honor is due. If not, I would with the greater zeal plead the necessity of every sinner to improve all opportunities of religious improvements, even if retiring from the "giddy rounds of pleasure or the deep shades of depravity." It is not, in my humble opinion, impossible for the thoughtless and irreligious in an assembly like this to be impressed with a deep sense of the importance of the gospel scheme for the recovery of man from the ruins of apostasy, and his restoration to God and happiness by a mediator. And can this be the idea of any humble follower of Christ, that persons of different views and sentiments cannot conscientiously unite to worship and give thanks to the Universal Parent, Preserver and Saviour of all. If so, I sincerely regret that any person should possess such limited views, and would still further ask him to examine his own state and ascertain from whence these feelings originate—for we have abundant Scripture testimony that God is no respecter of persons—but he that feareth God and worketh righteousness shall be accepted of him. I would gladly know what he imagines his feeling may be, when (if it ever be his happy lot) he is called to join the assembly of the righteous, where every kindred tongue and nation shall unite in one universal song of Thanksgiving and Praise.

C.  
Vassalboro', Dec. 12, 1835.

For the Maine Farmer.

### Rotation of Crops.

MR. HOLMES:—A friend of mine lately enquired of me what crop he should put into a piece of sward land, where he raised wheat the last season to good advantage. He remarked that the sward was not sufficiently decomposed to lay down smoothly to grass to mow conveniently, and that he doubted the propriety of again sowing to wheat, as he believed much in the scheme of rotation of crops—were it not for that, he should like to place wheat there again. I now for his and my own profit submit the enquiry, through the Farmer, to my brother farmers of experience. Will they ans-



wer the enquiry and oblige two Farmers, and perhaps more.

#### ROTATION.

For the Maine Farmer.

#### Apples.

MR. HOLMES:—I send you herewith, a sample of three kinds of apples. Numbers one and two were procured by the late Hon. Benjamin Vaughan, from France. I have been informed by Mr. Vaughan that the trees were "picked out for him by the famous T. A. Michaux, the Botanist, sent here by the French government, and a well known author on the subject of American Forest Trees." No. 1, I consider the best winter apple I ever saw. It keeps well till late in the spring. No. 2, I think is the next best in point of taste to any I ever saw. No. 3, is the *London Pippin*, procured by Mr. V. from England. It is a tolerable bearer—fine and always large and fair—keeps about as well as any apple I know. I think it a very valuable apple; in all respects much resembling the Baldwin apple.

Please try them all, when in proper state for eating, and inform us how they suit your Epicurean palate.

Your Friend,

SANFORD HOWARD.

Vaughan Farm,  
Hallowell, Dec. 12, '35.

NOTE.—"Epicurean palate" indeed! As if an Editor had such a "critters" palate. Saw dust pudding and such like Editorial fare, make his palate the very opposite of Epicurean. The apples however we consider excellent, and well worthy propagation. Ed.

For the Maine Farmer.

#### Apple Trees, &c.

MR. HOLMES:—As I am now in a woody part of the State, down east, where paper is not convenient for me to buy, having only taken my pen and ink with me to continue my records, I soon was under the necessity or want, which is the mother of invention—but I soon saw the birch tree, and having my pen in hand I tried nature's paper. Having seen a few of your agricultural papers, I write the following.

Here, the industrious, on their new farms are cultivating orchards. On West, many pay no attention to their orchards, let their trees be covered with moss, tops full of cross limbs, and at the roots a good lot of scions, which are a damage, and prevent the nourishment of the apple.

Will our corn fields or gardens produce good crops, full of weeds and uncultivated? Last year I ploughed a part of my orchard and planted it to potatoes. This year I pruned a part of the same, and a part of the unploughed, and found quite a difference this fall, in the size, and even in the flavor of those I had paid this small attention to, from those that I had not.

J. W.

Communicated for the Maine Farmer.

#### Sentiments.

MR. HOLMES:—It is not he that reads much who attains to eminence in the sciences, but it is he who reflects well on what he reads. "Concoct your learning into judgment," was the advice of a distinguished citizen to an assemblage of students.

The world is full of worthless books—throw them away as worse than worthless, for they consume our time.

Religion is calculated to season and strengthen patriotism. Knowledge should be the handmaid of both.

A wise woman who values happiness will be as

agreeable to her husband after marriage as before, and if her husband does not make a fair return for such good conduct he must be a son of dullness.

A handsome woman who is neither virtuous, intelligent, nor agreeable, is a horrible beauty.

If ambition be founded on selfishness, clip her wings; if founded on virtue or patriotism, let her have her wings.

A man who has no taste at all for literature, is very much like eternal frost, joined to eternal darkness.

Enthusiasm is an excellent quality, if regulated by good sense.

Sparkling wit influences weak minds more than valuable truths.

An honest politician will not support the measures of his own party, if clearly wrong, or at variance with the public good.

Men who are inflexibly honest in private life, will be so in the public councils.

Agriculture is the nursery of patriotism.

A wise government will not be slow in fostering the agricultural interest.

Let every farmer who has a son to educate, believe and remember, that science lays the foundation of every thing valuable in agriculture.

Science must combine with practice to make a good farmer.

The opposition against book farming rests on the shoulders of two monsters, ignorance and prejudice.

If you separate science from agriculture, you rob a nation of its principal jewel.

Agriculture, aided by science, will make a little nation a great one—what will it make of our State of Maine if our farmers will throw off prejudice and despise ignorance?

All the energy of the hero, and all the science of the philosopher, may find scope in the cultivation of one farm.

A skillful agriculture will constitute one of the mightiest bulwarks of which civil liberty can boast.

Rumford, December, 1835.

R.

From the Am. Gardiner's Magazine.

#### The influence of Flowers.

"Are not flowers the stars of earth, and are not stars the flowers of Heaven? Flowers are the teachers of gentle thoughts, the promoters of kindly emotions."

Among the many indications of the advance of our country in taste and refinement, none afford a surer criterion than the increased attention which is given to flowers and fruit. When we notice the many establishments in our vicinity, within a few years, devoted to the improvement of horticulture we cannot but rejoice at the diffusion of an employment so well adapted to afford much pure and innocent pleasure; and we doubt not the time will arrive, when the cultivation of flowers will be pursued as a means of moral and intellectual advancement, as well as a source of exquisite gratification.

Every thing which tends to increase domestic enjoyment, which furnishes to a family that pleasure at home, which otherwise they would be impelled to seek elsewhere, is valuable. There is nothing which adds more to happiness, than for all the members of a family to be united in one common and pleasant pursuit—not that all should have the same daily occupation—but that there should be some sources of pleasure open to all, and to increase which, all should in their turn contribute. No employment, perhaps, can so effectually give this union of purpose, and this sympathy of feeling, as the cultivation of flowers. It opens a wide prospect of enjoyment, with scenes to suit many varying tastes. To the scientific mind, to one who loves to search out causes and effects, to discover the hidden properties and qualities of things, what an interesting and yet almost untrodden field does botany present! Then, to one whose heart pre-

dominates over the intellect; who delights in sentiment; who prefers deep feelings to lofty thought, a garden yields many exquisite delights. His poetic mind gathers much of its finest imagery, its most beautiful thoughts, from the fragrance and loveliness of flowers, and it is quickened and enlightened by the thoughtful contemplation of their varied graces.

And for humbler purposes, for less exalted natures, the riches of Flora furnish much gratification. For the morning drawing-room, or for the evening dress, there can be no prettier or more appropriate ornaments than can be found among her stores. And to the affectionate heart, what sweeter tribute can be offered to the invalid mother, or the declining sister, than the first-fruits of the garden, and the first buds of the rose. Even the little child laughs, in the fulness of its happiness, when it is permitted to play with the flowers, and fill its lap with the butter cups and clover blossoms.

And so it is in this one amusement; all ages and all tempers can find an appropriate gratification; all may be made more happy. It ministers, also, to man's moral nature. A green-house, connected, as we sometimes see them, with the most frequented apartments of a family, is, in winter, when the garden is bereft of its beauty, and the orchard has yielded its fruit, an almost unfailing source of interest. To enjoy, when storms are beating without, and the chill of winter speaks in the howling wind, the mild air, the fragrance, and the beauty of this reserved fragment of summer, tends to produce feelings of contentment and satisfaction—feelings which show themselves forth in acts of kindness and words of affection.

Another advantage which the cultivation of flowers affords over other pleasures is, that it can hardly be wrested to evil. Absorbing as it is, it produces no feverish excitement. Bringing the mind into close contact with the loveliest things in nature, it shuts out the vexatious feelings arising from collision with the world. Its pleasures are all calm and tranquil. The contemplation of any of the works of God has a mighty effect in soothing and quieting the tumult of human passions, and this precious power over the heart is freely given, even to the lilies of the field. Where we see a love for these, that is not the place to look for the turbulence of passion, or the debasements of sensuality. When we see by the road-side a cottage around whose door the sweet briar and the honey-suckle are climbing, and before which, in its little garden, is displayed even the humbler flowers,—the marygold, the pansy, the aster, and the poppy—how instinctively do we form a favorable opinion of the inhabitants of that cottage; how certain we may be of finding peace, contentment, and affection, inmates here!

C. C.

October, 1835.

THE COTTON CROP.—We have taken some trouble to ascertain the extent of the injury done to the Cotton crops of North Alabama, and from all that we can learn the crop has been cut off to one third of the usual quantity grown. Three hundred weight to the acre is thought to be a fair average calculation for the present crop. In Tennessee, we are informed that the frost was equally destructive to the prospects of the planter. From South Alabama, and Mississippi, we have no certain accounts.

The loss of so great a portion of the crops will be seriously felt by this section of the country.—*Florence Gazette*, Oct. 28.

WORTH TRYING.—In an English miscellany we find the following:—"The danger of being suffocated by smoke, to which persons are exposed who enter premises on fire, may be effectually obviated by tying a wet silk handkerchief single over the face. A gentleman who lately tried the experiment, was enabled to remain in a room which was on fire, in the most dense smoke, and work a small engine until he succeeded in extinguishing the flames."

PENNSYLVANIA.—A company, with a capital of fifty thousand dollars has been formed in Philadelphia, called "The Beaver Silk Culture and Manufacturing Company." The company have purchased land within a few weeks, in the vicinity of the Falls of Beaver, to the value of 30 or \$40,000.

Baltimore Farmer.



From the Baltimore Farmer & Gardener.  
**"Encouragement for Silk Growers."**

Extract of a letter to a gentleman in this town, dated Oct. 16, 1835. One observation we have made in regard to the product of leaves of the plant (Chinese Mulberry) which I think worthy of notice. We set last spring 1500 cuttings, about 1000 started and grew well, but the dry weather affected them much; the ground on which they stand is by no means rich, it would not yield 20 bushels to the acre. From 100 of these young plants, which we considered below an average, we gathered 55 lbs. of leaves, giving, at the rate they were set, about 8000 to the acre, sufficient to make at least 100 lbs. of silk. From 100 trees (or roots) that were started the year before, we gathered 150 pounds of leaves; the same number per acre would give us 21,000 pounds of leaves, from 275 to 300 pounds of silk.

From the manner we cultivate those trees, we are satisfied, that an acre can easily be made to produce at the same rate. We shall try the experiment next season, with one acre of cuttings—and one acre of trees (with roots) started the past season. Northampton, Nov., 1835.

We have extracted the above from the *Northampton (Massachusetts) Courier*, with a view of making some remarks upon the statements and facts it contains. The success attending the growth of the cuttings is highly satisfactory, and should encourage the culturists to freely use this mode of propagation, nor is the yield of leaves less so; we are however surprised to hear an extensive culturist talk so much at random, as to say that 8,000 trees yielding in the proportion of 55 pounds of leaves to the 100 trees, would "make at least 100 lbs. of silk." They will do no such thing. The proportion of food consumed by worms has been long and well established by the observation and weighing of the more experienced silk growers in Europe, and has been corroborated by the experience of our own country. Fifty pounds of foliage serve 1000 worms throughout the feeding season. Let us then apply the test of figures to the assumption above. As 100 of the trees yielded 55 pounds of leaves, so will 8,000 yield 4,400 lbs. Now then, as 50 lbs. of leaves will feed 1000 worms, so will 4,400 lbs. feed 88,000, and, as on an average 3,000 worms, or cocoons, make a pound of silk, so will 88,000 make 29 1-3 pounds, and not 100 lbs. as stated.

Again—"from 100 trees started the year before," the writer gathered "150 lbs. of leaves"—and he asserts, that "the same number (of trees) per acre would yield 21,000 lbs of leaves, or from 275 to 300 lbs of silk." Neither of these conclusions are justified by all past experience of the silk culture; the first is wrong from his own premises, as a statement of the naked proposition will shew. As 100 trees give 150 lbs of leaves, 8,000 trees will give 12,000 lbs, and not 21,000 as set down. Here at once is an error of 9,000 pounds, which upsets the subsequent calculations; but then supposing, that they would yield 21,000 lbs that quantity would not support the requisite number of worms to make the quantity of silk affixed; for according to our data, 21,000 lbs of leaves will only feed 420,000 worms, and that number is only competent to make 140 lbs of silk. But if we take the actual yield according to his own shewing, it is but 80 lbs of silk, as will be explained by simply stating the propositions which result in the solution of the questions involved: as—if 50 lbs of leaves will feed 1,000 worms, so will 12,000 feed 240,000 worms, and if 3,000 worms, (or cocoons,) make a pound of silk, so will 240,000 worms make 80 lbs of silk, which is equal to \$320, to be raised from an acre of trees but one year old. However much this practical culturist is at fault in his calculations, or deductions from his premises, the latter are indeed encouraging, shewing as they do, that the *morus multicaulis* may be profitably fed the first year. The distance however at which he placed his trees, being about two feet seven inches apart, is too close for a permanent plantation, though it might answer as a nursery or temporary setting out—in the hedge form, as a permanent orchard, less than three by six feet should not be thought of. At that distance the plants would ultimately give much more leaves, than at the confined space spoken of by the above writer, and we believe further,

that a million of worms might be fed from an acre thus planted, on and after the fifth year, which would nett more than his maximum yield of silk.

We have not made these remarks with any invidious intentions or views; for in sincerity and truth, we were highly pleased to see the extract of the letter, notwithstanding the crudity of its affirmations; but as we feel a lively interest in the success of the culture, we were reluctant to let a statement so replete with errors, go abroad uncorrected.

**Silk Culture in the United States.**

We insert with pleasure, the following communication on the subject of silk, transmitted to us by the author, and we trust, it will have the effect of stimulating our farmers to active exertions in the raising of the mulberry tree, and making the other preparations, necessary to a full and fair experiment for ascertaining the value of the silk culture, in which he appears to take so deep an interest.—*Ten. Farmer.*

*Mill's Point, (Ky.) August 19, 1835.*

FRIEND EMMERSON:—It is with pleasure I acknowledge the receipt of your five numbers of the *Tennessee Farmer*.

The first article that caught my eye was an essay on the Culture of Silk, and a letter from Judge Spencer to his friend, Samuel Hopkins. I am indeed highly delighted to observe that the culture of silk is attracting the attention of the sagacious mechanic, the talented, enterprising projector and the public spirited philosopher. I have ever admired the ingenuity and delighted in the society of the industrious insect which with so much adroitness and perseverance converts the mulberry leaf into the rich and golden cocoon. Curiosity led me three years since to visit the Shaker Village on White-water, State of Ohio, and in May I first saw the operations of this peaceful and productive little creature. Under the control and care of one of these innocent daughters of religion and love, I saw to my utter astonishment, the daily conversion of the raw material taken from the forest, into the glossy and beautiful fabric, in which queens are apparelled and princesses are robed. Notwithstanding the evidence of the profit in rearing the worm in the town of Mansfield and County of Windham, was so palpable and convincing to the world, yet we find our countrymen, notwithstanding all their passion for novelty and burning desire for gain almost insensible to the advantages of this branch of labor, until a few years back when it began to receive an impulse from the generous efforts of our government and the exertions of a few talented and discriminating men. I recollect when a boy, of noticing some standard white mulberry trees in the garden of an amiable Doctor Hall, in Pomfret, Windham County, (Conn.) he had introduced them in order to gratify the curiosity of his accomplished and interesting wife and two beautiful industrious daughters, who at that early period were directing their efforts to raise the worms, reel the silk and convert it into sewing silk, this they accomplished. Little did I then think that this branch of industry would constitute one of the most delightful pursuits of my life and that I should live to see mechanic, speculator, planter and philosopher, all animated in giving force and success to this novel employment. The government of the United States have discharged the high and honorable duty imposed on them in printing, under the supervision and control of the Secretary of State, a treatise on the culture of the mulberry & raising of the silk-worm, and afterwards distributing 30,000 copies gratis throughout the Union for the reading and benefit of our citizens. The government have explored the region of native wealth which is open to all, and it is now the interest and duty of the citizen to avail himself of the resources which nature and art offer to enrich himself and benefit his country. Ever since I was so interested in this innocent pursuit, I have been adding to my knowledge—collecting essays on these subjects—experiments made in different States by planters—by settled silk raisers—by widow's and agricultural societies. In addition to this fund of information, I have devoted my time and feeble talents to the practical branches; and at this moment I sensibly feel and do say, that in no possible manner

can the resources of talents, ingenuity and wealth be more profitably expended than in preparing extensive orchards and rearing up buildings for the operations and residence of this wonderful insect, and never failing friend to man. Experiments from all quarters are pouring in upon us, to rouse our energy into action. Inventions are multiplying to facilitate the hitherto arduous and difficult operation of reeling—machines are going up—factories are raising, and farmers and their rosy cheeked girls are parting with their scruples, and inviting the little stranger to take up their abode with them.

In a letter recently received from that active generous and highly esteemed fellow citizen, Nicholas Longworth, of Cincinnati, he observes—"I am entirely satisfied that the culture of silk will spread itself rapidly over our beloved land, and that the labors of cultivating the various kinds of mulberry tree, and of rearing the worm and reeling the silk will be much abridged by the active, the energetic and intelligent faculties of citizens of the United States." How completely has one part of this prediction been verified in the late inventions of the ingenious Gay and Moseley.

When such men as Homergue, Du Ponceau, Mease, of Philadelphia, Longworth, of Cincinnati, and Gideon B. Smith, of Baltimore appear to be active in its promotion, what can be expected but that the mighty tide will turn, and the silk interest will share largely in attention, and participate proudly in the triumphs which American zeal and skill will effect in our land.

In a letter received not long since from Gideon Smith, he urges it most imperatively on me, "not to neglect immediate attention to the rearing of an orchard of the *Morus Multicaulis*, as those whose foresight enables them to make favorable preparations, will unquestionably share most largely in the benefits of its introduction for food for the silk worms. Example has a force which precept has not, and experiments which have been made, and are now making in every section of the Union, will soon be amalgamated with our other all-absorbing passions for wealth and profit.

Depend upon it, friend Emerson, ten years will place these interests on a level with those of cotton, rice and grain. Our countrymen possess unbounded energies—strong, nervous, almost insensible of depression; the native sons of our soil accomplish any thing within the reach of any ingenuity or intellect given by our Creator to man. There is no branch of business (throwing aside all views of profit,) carried on in society, which is attended with so many charms and so few toils and exposure as the rearing of silk worms. Except the gathering of the leaves, every part of the process is conducted under cover from heat and rain—hence delicate females, boys and aged people can work to as much advantage as the healthy and robust. The peaceable disposition evinced by those sagacious little insects is not the least of their virtues. They seem incapable of imitation, but every one pursues his labors with an equanimity and zeal even surpassing the industrious bee. The Shakers have raised and manufactured silk for 20 years. Their system is by no means expensive or complicated. The boys gathered the leaves and the sisters conduct the worm through every stage of his life. Their manner of killing the chrysalis is three days exposure to the warm sun in June.

No body of people is so well calculated to conduct this business as Shakers. The purity and innocence of their lives—their calmness and industry—their uniform cleanliness and economy, and their insulated life, free from the turmoils and distractions of the world, fit them in an eminent manner for the prosecution of these innocent labors. It will take several years for the skill and enterprise of our countrymen to raise the balance to the hitherto enormous sum which has been expended for imported silks. The market never can be glutted—competition never can weaken the sinews of activity and ambition—but the more general the cultivation, the better the market to give encouragement to manufactures.

I trust, friend Emerson, that you will not suffer your efforts to relax in rousing up the attention of your countrymen to their dearest interest—I mean the interest of wealth and independence in circumstances. The elevation of young convicts from depraved and prodigal steps to the benign and heavenly walks of religion, has a powerful effect in convincing mankind of error and the de-



visions of a wicked life, and it is just so with the reports of experimentalists and projectors in this important branch of national industry. Success with one, wins the notice of another, and thus the fire of ambition extends from region to region and soon operations assume an interesting and formidable shape, both to the advantage and honor of the adventurous silk raiser.

I have made several cursory remarks on this my favorite pursuit, now permit me friend Emerson, to detail to you a few facts, within actual observation.

Mr Daniel Rowe, an ingenious and enterprising citizen of Dayton, (Ohio,) about three years since, occupied three large rooms in the city with worms. He had never before that season paid any attention to them, or the culture of the mulberry tree. He hired a man and boy to go to the forest, two miles from Dayton and gather leaves—two girls were employed five weeks in feeding them and preserving the cocoons. At the end of that time he gathered (if I recollect right) eight barrels of cocoons. He was indebted wholly to the woods for their food—about the same time he set out five acres of trees, some white and some red mulberry from the woods—two years after this I received information in a letter from Nicholas Longworth, of Cincinnati, that a factory was established there (in Dayton,) and that vests and handkerchiefs were manufactured with success, and much to his honor and to the delight of the citizens.—The five acres of mulberry, according to all concurrent statements, particularly according to the one made in April, 1835, by Judge Spencer, ought to yield him \$1500 clear gain.

We must recollect in this concern that the trees are improving every year—the same buildings and furniture will answer 20 years to come which does now. Success attends the efforts of that very amiable, talented and ambitious citizen. Another fact which I have made public in a lecture which I gave on the subject of the silk culture.—Two log cabins at the Shaker village, in Ohio, and a garden-house were appropriated as nurseries for the worms. The leaves were brought half a mile by boys, and the worms fed and cleaned by his two girls of 13 years old, superintended by a young and beautiful shakeress, somewhat acquainted with the business; in five weeks the cocoons were exposed to the sun and reeled into raw silk, and sold to Gen. Daniel Gano, of Cincinnati, I think for \$97.50—he gave the Shakers for sewing silk \$10 per pound.

The committee appointed by Congress, at the instance of Mr Van Rensselaer, to report on a manual for the raising of silk in the U. States, say, that from one acre planted with mulberry trees, 500 lbs. of raw silk can be obtained, this, at the minimum price of \$5 per pound would be \$2500. The more I write and think on this subject, the greater is my astonishment, that my countrymen do not take hold on the business with Herculean energy and go ahead. Create first the food, an abundance of the raw materials will be the consequence, and then the hands to manufacture it, will soon be found.

It deeply regards every farmer's individual interest to exert himself to secure a share in the culture of silk, of which no other crop we have, can be compared to it for richness and excellence, and in a sense of public duty to the powerful community of which we are members, the exertion ought to be great, as it would make a great addition to our resources. The cotton manufactories are dependent on the south for their raw materials; silk would be our own resources, and nations and individuals cannot be too careful to secure within themselves means for their prosperity and greatness. But I have digressed a little.

The Valentine Silk Company, Providence, Rhode Island, have 30,000 trees on their farm—each tree yielding on an average one half pound of silk, worth at least \$5 per pound, making their income worth \$75,000 per annum—powerful machinery is in operation to weave the material, and elegant stuffs have already been produced.

The Eaton Register says, Mrs. Alfred of New Can, Preble County, Ohio, has the present season, with the aid of one small girl and two boys about twelve years old, fed and attended about 50,000 silk worms, with the leaves of the common wild mulberry tree—from her labors of six weeks she realized \$225, from the sale of the raw material; the raw material when put into skeins would bring \$400. The silk she manufactured is equal in ele-

gance and richness to any foreign silk: and yet this female accomplishes all her labors without the aid of theory or instruction. The report of the House of Representatives, through their committee, on the presentation of an elegant national flag by Mr Du Ponceau, and manufactured in Philadelphia, by Mr Homergue, is, that "50 years ago there was scarce a pound of cotton raised in the United States, and last year there was six hundred and forty thousand bags exported to England; there is nothing unreasonable in the conjecture, that a similar development may attend American silk."

The Dayton Journal of 1831, says, a citizen of our vicinity with two boys has attended 100,000 silk worms, produced 300 pounds of cocoons, which sold in Cincinnati, for \$120.

It is stated by the Hamilton County Agricultural Society, in their circular upon the culture of silk, that four acres of ground planted in white mulberry trees, near Boston, have fed worms enough to produce 420 pounds of silk, worth \$3 50 per pound, amounting to 1470 dollars. A single tree in France has been known to yield five dollars on the sale of its leaves.

The Cincinnati Chronicle says, Mrs. Daniel Parker of Claremont County, has been active in introducing the mulberry tree in Miami Valley. She raised from 50,000 worms \$180 worth of silk, with the assistance of her two little daughters; she is preparing to extend her operations, and devote her whole time and talents to this business.—Mr Gideon B. Smith, of Baltimore, says, that a boy 11 years old, employed 32 hours, and a woman 37 hours during the last season in rearing 100,000 silk worms, and that the cocoons before reeling were worth \$140. One female and one boy may with ease take charge of 10,000 by devoting 40 days to them; the value of these 10,000 worms before reeling, will be worth \$140, an amount which few females earn in a whole year.

Poulson's Advertiser says, that five tons of raw silk were raised in two towns in Connecticut this year. One gentleman last year paid \$1500 for while mulberry trees, which he set out on a 100 acre lot.

The sales of sewing silk in Mansfield alone this year, amount to \$95,000, says the New England Farmer. The Cincinnati American says, James Smith, of Bladen County, North Carolina, made 100 pounds fine sewing silk, besides the loss from 200,000 worms, which sold for \$700; four or five negro children attended them under his inspection. These are a few of the countless facts respecting the productiveness of the silk worm.

No man delights more in being engaged in this business than myself, and none can wish the cause greater prosperity. If you think these remarks worthy a place in the Tennessee Farmer, you can give them an insertion.

Your sincere Friend,

NATH. G. M. SENTER.

From the Genesee Farmer.

#### Hints on Manure.

If I were asked what I considered the first and most essential requisite to successful husbandry, the production of large crops, and the keeping of land in good heart, I should without hesitation answer—Manure. Should the question be repeated as to the second most necessary article, the reply would still be—Manure. And for the third time, if again asked, the answer must be as before—Manure. To crop land continually and return nothing to the soil, is most unphilosophical. To be continually borrowing from the indulgent earth, without an effort to repay, is, to say the least of it, foolish ingratitude. I scarcely could desire better evidence of the state of a man's farm, and his success in farming, than a knowledge of the manner in which he disposes of his manure, would afford. When I see how many farmers manage in this, to them, all-important matter,—how negligent they are in the accumulation and use of their resources, and how they dole out their pitiful allowance of manure to their farms, I am reminded of that inveterate farming speculatist, Lord Kames of Scotland. His overseer, a plain, strong-minded, practical man, was called into his lordship's study one day, and thus addressed—"John, I have made a great discovery that will save all this trouble and expense of carting out and spreading manure about the fields. In short, John I have found out the way of extracting the essence of dung, so that I can carry out as much

as will manure a whole field in my waistcoat pocket." John hung his head and said nothing. "Why John," resumed his lordship, "you do not appear to realize the value of this invention, or—but you surely do not doubt what I am telling you, John?"

"Oh no, my lord," replied John, "it's not for me to doot any thing your lordship says, but I was just thinking that if your lordship were to carry the dung out in your waistcoat pocket, ye might bring the crap home in your greatcoat pocket."

Undoubtedly the great desideratum to successful farming is, to ascertain the best means of making the greatest possible quantity of manure, and the proper method of applying this when made. There are some farms so rich by nature, that comparatively small quantities of manure answer every desirable purpose, and where the application of more would, by inducing too large a growth of straw, and causing grain and grass to lodge before arriving at maturity, be rather injurious than otherwise; but such farms are few indeed, and it may safely be asserted, that nine in ten of the farms of Western New York, and I apprehend that the same state of things exists elsewhere in the United States now require all the manure that can be produced on them; and this demand, in most cases, is yearly becoming more urgent. In a new country like ours, we have not yet been compelled to resort to the various measures older countries have adopted to keep their lands fertile, and of course public opinion has been very little directed, in any quarter, to the subject of manure. We have emptied our yards, if we happen to have any, once in two or three years, perhaps; but it has not been so much for the sake of the manure they contained, as to avoid the inconvenience resulting from its accumulation; but time and necessity will learn us to be more attentive, and more economical. There are, as the reader must already know, a multitude of articles that can be employed in fertilizing or manuring our soils, such as lime, marl, gypsum, and in general all substances which assist decomposition, are liable to putrefaction, or in any way are capable of furnishing food for plants; but the remarks here made are intended to refer mainly to the manure produced in the stable and barn-yard, as such is the kind with which for many years the farmer of this country will be most conversant.

The first requisite in order to have stable and barn-yard manure, is to have stables and barn-yards. Every farmer who understands his business, appreciates the advantages of good yards; they are in fact almost as indispensable as a barn. It is surprising to see with what mere apologies for yards some are contented; while those of others are as extensive as their farms, with the addition perhaps of the neighboring highways. Instead of being dispensed in racks, or well enclosed yards, their fodder is spread over half an acre—half of it scattered by the winds to every point of the compass—much of the remainder is trodden into the earth or snow, by the cattle or sheep, while in hot pursuit of such migratory parcels as they are able to overtake; and but a small part of the whole reaches its proper destination, the stomach of the ill-treated brute. Thus farmers lose the benefit of their fodder—they lose their manure—in the spring they lose their sheep, while their cows resemble those of Florida, of which a voracious traveller asserts, it requires two and sometimes three to make a shadow. In order to derive the greatest benefit from a yard, no water should be suffered to run from it; or if such a result cannot be avoided, it should be received into an artificial basin, into which a thousand otherwise useless or noxious materials may be cast, and thus converted into valuable compost, or manure. By allowing the leachings of a yard to escape, the most fertilizing and nutritive parts of manure are lost, the essential salts are dispersed, and the decomposition of straw, cornstalks, and the litterings of the yard, is carried on much less rapidly & successfully. Experienced observation must have convinced every one that yards which are kept perfectly dry, yield much less quantities of manure in proportion to the material fed out, than yards which retain their moisture. Where yards are in so sandy or porous a soil that all moisture speedily sinks into the earth, or is absorbed, it has in many places been found necessary to excavate the earth to a proper depth, and make it retentive by puddling or lining it with clay to a suitable thickness. The deeper a mass of manure in a yard is, the more valuable it becomes. The fermentation and decomposition of the materials is carried on more equably; the es-



cape of the fertilizing gases is in a measure prevented, and by a less exposure of surface, it is less dried or bleached by atmospheric changes, than where spread over a greater extent. It is evident, therefore, that those who have yards with undefined boundaries, or which are as limitless as the highways, are following a course very detrimental to their true interests.

As to the proper application of manure, various opinions are, and of course will continue to be entertained among farmers. Such a result is to be expected from the diversities of soils, the crops sown or planted, the season of the year, and other causes which will be more or less operative. Particular rules for every soil, and every case, can never be given or expected; the judgment must be called in requisition, probabilities weighed, and experience largely consulted. As a general rule it may be remarked, that if the manure is fine, and fully rotted, the first crop succeeding its application will undoubtedly receive the most benefit; if long manure or unrotted straw, &c. is used, the second crop will in general be equally benefitted with the first. It is well known that some plants are gross feeders, or in other words, can scarcely be manured too highly; of this, corn, hemp, ruta baga, and mangel wurtzel, are familiar instances. There are other plants, particularly the cereal or culmiferous ones, on which the immediate application of manure in large quantities has a pernicious effect, by causing too large a growth of straw, and a small and inferior berry. The proper course therefore would seem to be, to apply manures as a dressing for those crops which would derive the most benefit from its direct application. Thus, for instance, it is wished to sow a field with wheat in the fall—instead of summer fallowing and manuring for wheat alone, it might be better to manure the field thoroughly in the spring, turn it over carefully, and put on barley, or peas, or corn if it is deemed advisable, though the last rarely comes off in sufficient season for sowing wheat. During the summer the turf is decomposed, the manure is perfectly incorporated with the soil, and while the land is with a little labor made ready for the reception of wheat after the summer crop is removed, the profit of a crop which does not interfere injuriously with the production of wheat, and which not unfrequently amounts to a handsome sum, is added to the sum total of products of the farm. It cannot be too often repeated, or too deeply impressed upon the mind of the farmer, that to manure, clover, and plaster, he must look for the means of reinvigorating the soil and the production of abundant crops.

WILLIS GAYLORD.

Otisco, 1835.

### Summary.

**COLD WEATHER AND WARM WEATHER.**—During a part of last week, the weather *varied* exceedingly cold and uncomfortable. Thermometers ranged in our neighborhood, from 12 to 21 below Zero, according to their *length* and *exposure*. On Sunday it began to rain a little, but it amounted to no *flood*. There has been no rain here of any consequence since September, and many people are suffering for water for their cattle and other uses.

**PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.** We received this document on the Friday evening after it was sent to Congress. It is a long and interesting paper. Among other things, he gives a history of our troubles with France, and submits the question to Congress, What shall be done? It seems also that the Nation is out of debt and has "money to let."

**LATEST FROM FRANCE.** The packet ship *Utica*, at New York from Havre, brings Paris dates to the evening of the 30th Oct. The Journal of Commerce says, that letters from the best sources say that a conciliatory Message on the part of our President, would put an end to all difficulty and ensure the payment of the money.

The intercourse between Mr Barton and the French government had been entirely courteous and friendly.

The Ministry replied to Mr B's inquiry, that as Mr Livingston's letter was written before the pas-

sage of the Bill to the Chambers, they were desirous of something subsequent, and that as the President of the United States had said he could say no more, but should refer the matter to Congress; they waited to see what would transpire on the meeting of Congress, and in the mean time had forwarded despatches to the French Charge at Washington.

**LATEST FROM LONDON.** The New York Commercial of Wednesday, has received London papers to the 31st October, by the Ontario, which arrived at that port on Tuesday.

The accounts from Spain continue to be highly favorable to the administration of M. Mendizabel. The directive junta of Cadiz have made a report to the queen regent, in which, after expressing their entire satisfaction with the measures adopted and promised by the government, they offer their frank, decided and unanimous co-operation in its efforts to restore peace and establish the throne of queen Isabella. The whole of the juntas have now submitted.

The government has issued a decree appointing a commission to restore harmony between the kingdom of Spain and the South American states which were formerly integral parts of the Spanish empire.

Various other measures of a highly popular character have been adopted.

Forces were concentrating upon the north, from all parts of the kingdom, and it was believed that within a short time the royalist troops opposed to Don Carlos, would amount to 100,000 men. The report of General Ituralde having joined the queen's party with sixteen of his friends is repeated, and believed.

Advices from Egypt still announce a speedy resumption of hostilities against the pacha, by sultan Mahmoud.

The king of Prussia has pardoned 1380 out of 1400 inhabitants of the Duchy of Posen, condemned to lose their property for assisting the Poles against the Russians. The fines imposed on the remainder, have been reduced.

The papers still speak of a large reduction of the standing armies by all the five great powers of Europe.

The cholera appears to have disappeared from Genoa and Leghorn, and to have much abated throughout the Roman and Neapolitan states generally.

The marquis of Waterford arrived at Waterford from New York on board his yacht *Gem*, the 27th of October.

The following was the latest reports of the stock market.

*London*, Oct. 31, 12 o'clock.—Business in the consol market is still very limited, and the price for account has been 91 15-28 without variation during the morning, and omnium is 4 11-84 premium.

In the foreign market the approach of the time fixed for the last conversion of Spanish stock, the 16th of November the settling day of the present account, precludes the necessity of quoting any longer the price of the old Cortes bonds, and the other stocks as, unless for actual money business, no transactions are opened in them.

2 o'clock.—The consol market is still at 91 15-28 for the account, and omnium at 4 11-28 premium. Exchequer bills are 10 on 11, premium, and India bonds at par.

### A NATIONAL CALAMITY.

The late most destructive fire in New York may well be styled a national calamity; and it has never been our duty to record one of such melancholy interest. In the amount of property consumed, and individual distress involved, there has been no similar devastation since the conflagration of Moscow. The fire broke out about nine o'clock on Wednesday evening, in the store of Comstock & Andrews, at the triangular block formed by Wall, William, and Pearl streets. A high wind was blowing from the northwest, and the weather was so intensely severe as to prevent any efficient action of the engines. The firemen were benumbed by the extreme cold, and the hose was so frozen as to be useless, if individuals could have been able to work it. It was at once seen it would be impossible to arrest the flames, except by blowing up ranges of buildings in advance of the fire, that its progress might thus be interrupted. But the difficulty was to obtain powder; none of any consequence being allowed in the

city. It was necessary to send for a supply to the Navy Yard, whence also was brought a military force for the protection of the property.

Seventeen blocks of buildings, of the largest and most costly description were totally destroyed; the large block between Wall street and Exchange place, bounded on the west by Broad street, that between Exchange place and Beaver street, fronting on Broad street, and that between Beaver and Mill streets, also fronting on Broad, are greatly injured, and may almost be said to be destroyed—except the single range of stores fronting on Broad street. The number of buildings is variously estimated. The more probable account places it about 600. Of the property destroyed no calculation can be formed. The lowest estimate places it at **FOURTEEN AND A HALF MILLIONS**—while some accounts, of course much exaggerated, make the amount of loss **THIRTY-FIVE MILLIONS**.

The entire seat of the great commercial transactions of New York is destroyed. The splendid EXCHANGE is a pile of ruins, buried among which is the noble statue of Hamilton, erected by the munificence of New York merchants to the memory of one of her most valued citizens, and his country's most lamented Statesmen. The POST OFFICE was destroyed, but its contents were saved.

"The mere amount of property wasted and destroyed," says the N. Y. Commercial, "not in the flames but in the confusion and hurry, and desperation of the time, is probably equal to the entire loss at ordinary fires. It is lamentable to see the piles of costly furniture—rich mahogany tables with marble tops—sideboards, sofas, &c. &c., broken and heaped up like worthless rubbish; rich merchandizes, satins, broadcloths, fine muslins, and every species of fancy dry goods, trampled under foot; packages half burnt—boxes of cutlery and hardware burst open, and their contents scattered in the mud—bottles of wine broken—and in short, thousands upon thousands and tens of thousands of dollars lying wasted around, in the form of ruined merchandizes.

Carmen and porters were heaping goods upon carts, barrows, in coaches and omnibuses; the Battery and Bowling Green are thickly studded with piles of goods, some in boxes, others just as they were snatched from the shelves; marines with fixed bayonets patrolling among them for protection against marauders; and all eyes fixed upon the volumes of dense black smoke, whirling away before the wind—flames darting and roaring from the roofs and windows of whole streets—walls tumbling to the ground, and firemen worn out with their exertions and almost discouraged from farther efforts, vainly striving to make head against the flames, which seemed to mock all human skill and power.

The amount of capital in the Fire Insurance Companies of New York is about *Ten Millions*. This we presume will be entirely swept by the destruction of the fire; for, as far as we can learn, the amount insured in this city (Boston) is less than \$100,000, and it is probably not very large in Philadelphia.

The following description of the scene of devastation, prepared from a map by the New York Commercial after a walk about the ruins, for the purpose of a deliberate survey, will present an accurate idea of the extent of the destruction.

South side of *Wall street* from Williams street to East river, including the Merchants' Exchange, and excepting some three or four buildings between Merchant street (formerly Hanover) and Pearl.—Also from William to Broad streets, buildings not destroyed but injured in the rear.

*Exchange street*, both sides, from Broad street, crossing William to Merchant street—the Garden street church was embraced in this section.—

*Merchants' street* (formerly Hanover) both sides, from Wall to Hanover square.

*William street*, both sides, from Wall street to Hanover square.

*Stone street*, from Hanover square to the lane leading to the head of Coenties slip.

*Exchange street*, and part of Beaver street, from Pearl nearly to Broad.

*Water street* both sides from Coffee-house slip to Coenties slip.

*Front street* both sides from Coffee-house slip to Coenties slip.

*South street*, from the same to the same.

South side of *Coffee-house Slip*, from Pearl street to the East River.

Both sides of *Old Slip*, (including the Franklin



market) from Pearl street to the East River.

North side of *Coenties Slip*, from Pearl street to the river.

*Jones's Lane, Gouverneur's Lane, Crayler's Alley*, and part of *Mill street*.

The annihilation of property by this unprecedented calamity will be felt throughout the country. New York is by no means the only sufferer, though its prosperity has been subjected to a terrible shock.

It is suggested, and we presume that the suggestion will be immediately adopted, that the government should take instant measures for the relief of the merchants who have Custom House bonds arriving at maturity. The duties on property that has been consumed ought, in equal justice, to be remitted.—*Boston Atlas*.

A cargo of Tea, just stored, belonging to of Salem, Mass. worth \$300,000 was entirely destroyed. No insurance.

**Explosion.**—We learn from Lowell, that the Press House of the Powder Works at that place was blown up Thursday morning about 10 o'clock. Two men, Eli Wentworth and John Philbrick, lost their lives. Loss estimated at \$2500.

The Pennsylvania Canal is entirely closed with ice, and of course all business upon it will be suspended until Spring.

Judge Hutchinson, of Vermont has recovered \$3,900 of the editor of the Woodstock Courier for a libel on his character.

**Loss of the Lady Franklin.** On Wednesday morning last, about 4 o'clock, the Lady Franklin, on her passage up to this city, (Cincinnati,) was run into, about two miles below the Yellow Banks, by the Portsmouth, and sunk immediately, when from 15 to 18 persons were drowned. Among those that perished, were a family of 9 persons, Dutch Emigrants—the husband only escaped. Of the crew, one fireman and one deck hand—of the cabin passengers, there was a gunsmith from Nashville, and another person, names unknown, also perished. Captain Horn and Clerk were both taken up adrift, the former speechless; among the deck passengers drowned were 3 women. The Lady Franklin left this place for St. Louis, but could not get up the Mississippi for the ice; she discharged her cargo at the mouth of the Ohio, and was in ballast. The stern of the boat was just to be seen above water when left.

### Marriages.

In Leeds, on the 26th ult. Mr. Wm. G. Turner to Miss Ann C. Robb, both of Leeds.

In Wadoboro', Mr. Solomon Shuman, to Miss Dorothy Welt.

In Gardiner, Mr. Henry T. Prime to Miss Betsey Jones.

In Belfast, Mr. Milton Patterson to Miss Eunice Hatch.

In Woolwich, Mr. Aaron Hilton to Miss Betsey Blin.

### Deaths.

In Baldwin, Mr. William Wood, aged 70, formerly of Gorham.

In Gardiner, Mr. Hugh Cox, aged 76, a soldier of the Revolution.

In Litchfield, Capt. Samuel Odiorne, aged 78, a revolutionary patriot.

In Alna, Mrs. Sarah Dunlap, aged 57.

In Kennebunk-port, on Nov. 28th, Mr. Jesse S. Cleaves, aged 24. In Kennebunk, 29th, Mr. Leonard Cleaves, aged 27, oldest children and only sons of Mr. Samuel Cleaves, of the former place.

**BRIGHTON MARKET.**—MONDAY Dec. 14, 1835.

Reported for the *Boston Atlas*.

At Market 1460 Beef Cattle, 200 Stores, 1700 Sheep, and 800 Swine. About 200 Swine were at market last week.

**PRICES.**—Beef Cattle—A small advance on last week's prices has been obtained; we quote a few choice at 33s; prime at 30s a 31s 6d; good at 26s a 28s 6d; small cattle at 18s a 24s.

Barrelling Cattle—A little better. Mess 24s, No. 1. 21s, No. 2. 18s.

**Stores.**—Continue dull. Yearlings at \$4 a 5; two year old 7 a 13; three year old \$12 a 21.

**Sheep.**—Lots were taken at 10s 6d, 12s, 15s, 21s, and 24s, some of which were wethers. Also, a fine lot of wethers, at considerable more than our highest quotations.

**Swine.**—Several lots to close were taken at something less than 4c; a large number were retailed, at various prices—from 4 1-2 to 6 1-2 cents, according to size and quality.

### PAY THE PRINTER.

We are unwilling to call upon our subscribers too loudly, but are obliged to give them a modest hint occasionally, or we fear they would entirely forget that we do not send them our paper gratuitously. We are near the close of another year, when we must pay our debts, for our creditors will not forget their claims upon us. To our subscribers we look for the means of meeting our engagements, and we confidently hope they will not disappoint us. Some of them have heretofore been prompt, and we doubt not will continue to be.—Others who have received our paper for three years without paying us a farthing, not even enough to feed us upon "saw-dust pudding and cold water," we hope will not permit us to enter upon our 4th volume before they square up the old score. Their consciences will then certainly feel clearer, and we shall go on with hearts much lighter.

The approaching session of the Legislature will afford an opportunity of sending money from all parts of the State by the members to Augusta. If those who are indebted to us will embrace it, and forward the amount due, they will confer a great favor upon us with little trouble and perfect safety to themselves. SAMUEL P. BENSON, Esq. will be there, duly authorized to receive the money for us and give receipts.

Will not each subscriber at the same time send us a new subscriber? The trouble would be a trifle to you, Gentlemen—a little time spent in an excellent cause,—while to us the benefit would be very great. We should then no longer be engaged in a losing business, but should with increased courage renew our efforts to make our paper interesting and useful.

Upon your course, Gentlemen, ours must depend. If no exertion is made to pay us for our labors the inference will be irresistible that you do not wish us to proceed, and we should be fully justified to govern ourselves accordingly.

WILLIAM NOYES & Co.

Winthrop, Dec. 24, 1835.

**Ladies' Cottage Bonnets,**  
LADIES' BEAVER AND SATIN BONNETS  
made at short notice.

T. NEWMAN.

Winthrop, Dec. 24, 1835.

### Newbury White Boar.

The subscriber has a first rate, full blooded Newbury White Boar, 15 months old, imported from Newbury last spring, which he will keep the ensuing season for those who wish to improve their swine.

ISAAC R. NELSON.

Winthrop, Dec. 24, 1835.

### Competitors in Crops.

ALL competitors for the premiums of the Ken. Co. Ag. So., are requested to present their claims to the several Committees on Crops, who will meet at D. Carr's Hotel in Winthrop Village on the 26th of this month at 9 o'clock A. M.

Per order of the Trustees.

The following committees will please take notice and be present if possible.

On Wheat, Barley, Oats, Corn, Rye, Peas, Beans, Oats and Peas, and Broom Corn.—Ezekiel Bailey, Winthrop; Samuel Holmes, Monmouth; Leavit Lott, Leeds.

On Flax, Mustard Seed, Hives of Bees, Honey, Mulberry Trees, and Hay.—Francis J. Bowles, Wayne; Otis Norris, Monmouth; Joseph Tiakham, Winthrop.

On Potatoes, Ruta Baga, Common round Turnips, Norfolk Turnips, Onions, Carrots, and the 400 bushels of Roots for Stock.—James Curtis, Winthrop; John Gilmore, Leeds; Oliver Bean, Readfield.

### PROSPECTUS

OF THE

### European.

THE EUROPEAN has been commenced with the most flattering prospects of success, upwards of a thousand names having been recorded on the subscription list before the issuing of the first number.

The objects of the paper are to keep up a more strict term of intimacy between this country and Europe than at present exists; not merely by publishing foreign intelligence, but by defending foreigners from insults, to which we have been occasionally submitted through the illiberality of a portion of the press, and by fairly advocating our claims to the native American, who, if he discards all prejudice in the examination, cannot fail to acknowledge them.

As Ireland has been the most slandered nation, so shall our columns be more devoted to its support than to any other. In the European Irishmen will, at all events, have one uncompromising friend, whose voice shall never be suppressed while the tongue of slander, or the hand of oppression, is raised against them or their glorious country.

It shall be one of our constant endeavors to conciliate the friendship of the native American; and if we do this in a straight-forward and independent manner, we know he will like us all the better.

The European will be a literary, as well as a political and general foreign and domestic newspaper; so that, when the reader grows tired of a parliamentary debate, or a discussion on the merits of the different candidates at election times, he can turn to another page, and refresh himself with a romance, a sonnet, a theatrical critique, or a literary notice.

We publish the paper at the almost nominal price of TWO DOLLARS a year, in order to give it a more general circulation than it might otherwise command; but we can assure subscribers that, if a devotion to their interests can be of any avail, we will be found behind our contemporaries in nothing but the price alone.

Orders for the paper, addressed to the editor through the Post Office, will be punctually attended to.

All interesting communications connected with foreign affairs will be thankfully received.

No subscriber taken, living out of the city, that does not pay in advance.

JOHN M. MOORE,

No. 13 Ann-street.

New York, Oct. 3d, 1835.

### Lost

From the Bar-room of the Winthrop Hotel, on Friday the 27th ult. a CAMBLET CLOAK, said Cloak was brown, lined with green backing, with a fur collar, with a piece about two inches square set in upon the shoulder. Whoever will return said Cloak or give information where it may be found, shall be suitably rewarded.

WM. H. LORD.

Dec. 18, 1835.

### Tri-Weekly Journal.

LUTHER SEVERANCE will publish a paper three times a week at Augusta during the session of the Legislature, on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings at One Dollar for the Session. The Journal will contain reports of the proceedings in both Houses of the Legislature as usual, a sketch of Congressional proceedings, and the earliest intelligence of passing events of every description.

Augusta, Dec. 11, 1835.

### Tri-Weekly Age.

THE Publisher of the Age proposes to issue a paper three times a week during the next session of the Legislature. It will be printed on the half of a Super-Royal sheet in the usual form and will contain about the same amount of reading matter as has been heretofore furnished by two numbers of the Daily Age.

The price of the Tri-weekly will be One Dollar for the Session.

Augusta, Dec. 11, 1835.

### Commissioners Notice.

We having been appointed by the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Kennebec, to receive and examine the claims of the creditors of William J. Stevens, late of Winthrop, in said County, painter, deceased, whose estate is represented insolvent, give notice that six months from the 30th day of November last, have been allowed to said creditors to bring in and prove their claims, and that we will attend the services assigned us, at the office of Seth May, in said Winthrop, on Friday, Feb. 5, 1836, from 1 to 5 o'clock, P. M. and on Friday, May 6, from 10 o'clock, A. M. to 4 P. M.

SETH MAY,  
CYRUS KNAPP.

Winthrop, Dec. 21, 1835.



## Poetry.

From the New-Yorker.

## A Simile.

"Tween flowery banks with beauty bright,  
A streamlet, 'mid the golden light  
Held on its way:

So clear, it did like chrystal seem—  
So still, it might be thought to dream—  
So deep, its bed scarce met the beam  
Of burning day.

A pebble on that streamlet fell—  
How did the myriad circles swell,  
And widening go!  
Till, darkening in their hurried pace,  
A brighter luster lit its face,  
And onward crept with dimless grace  
Its freshened flow.

Thus the smooth stream of Love is broken,  
By word unkind or thought misspoken,  
A moment's while;  
Yet when the dark'ning cloud is gone,  
With deeper joy it sparkles on,  
While gleams its tearfulness upon  
A fairer smile.

## Miscellany.

## Considerations for Young Men.

We have recently come across a work under the above title, comprising thirty two letters, each about the length of the first, which is here subjoined. The matter of these letters is of the highest excellence, and of a salutary tendency in the sentiments and views of life it conveys. We propose to publish one of them every week, till the whole are completed; trusting that with the virtuous and intelligent reader their worth will be a sufficient apology for their insertion.—*Belfast Advocate*.

## LETTER I.

PLEASURES AND ANTICIPATIONS.—To the brief space, between childhood and maturity, the man of experience reverts with mingled emotions of pleasure and of pain. The gay visions of life were then opening on the enraptured mind. Every scene was fresh to the eye, and every pleasure wore the charm of novelty.

Childhood, by some, is called the happiest portion of our mortal span. Its innocent gayety, its confiding sweetness, its buoyant and affectionate playfulness, its gush of tears, and its glow of returning joys, throw around it an indescribable charm. Poets have sung of it, as if it were a seraphic state of existence. The victim of misfortune, and the sated votary of pleasure, have sighed over the period of their childhood, as carrying with it into oblivion the only pittance of happiness which the Creator has been pleased to assign them.

But even childhood has its cares, and its sorrows. Ye who have just passed from its scenes, are prepared to admit that it is a state by no means free from solicitude, nor fraught with all the felicity which some have ascribed to it. Tears of anguish, sobs that almost burst the young heart, broken toys, and bleeding wounds, successively agitate it. Even disappointment, which, to us who have almost forgotten our childish feelings, seems a latter inheritance of misery, mingled in our earliest draughts its bitter ingredient. The toy, which at first sight produces a momentary rapture, losing in a day all its attraction, lies broken and neglected; and the promised visit, hailed with clapping hands and laughing eyes, often ends in weariness, satiety, or tears.—Still childhood has its pleasures—its moments of delight and ecstasy. Its sleep is an oblivion of its sorrows, and apparently a continued dream of delight. If disappointed in its pleasures, its versatile feelings open a new channel of happiness. If its tears are frequent, they are quickly dried; and often, while the big drop still hangs on the eyelid, the smile of merriment comes stealing from behind.

Every stage of our mortal journey has its hopes and its disappointments—its cares and its alleviations—its joys and its sorrows.—That gracious Being, to whom we owe our existence, and "from whom cometh down every good and perfect gift,"

has thought fit neither wholly to mar that existence nor unceasingly to mete out its pleasures. From the cradle to the grave, it is with all of us a checkered scene. So soon as our infant feet find the path of life, they find the pricking thorns; and we quickly perceive, that, however beautiful in the commencement, that path "leads but to the grave."

Youth, with its teeming hopes, soon succeeds to childhood. The sportive feeling, that perished almost in its birth, gives place to the rush of passion, and the salient play of imagination. Childish sports cease, and the kindling eye looks forward to the pursuits of manhood, with instinctive reverence and desire.

There is something in the business and pleasures of mature life, which strikes strongly on the youthful imagination. His inexperienced mind contemplates them as the sure indications of that felicity for which it pants. Hence, when he is scarcely free from the restraints of the nursery, he begins to imitate the gait and bearing of manhood. He affects to scorn his infantile amusements, and chides the tardy lapse of time, which detains him from this enviable consummation. Poor, mistaken youth! how little dreamest thou of the cares that vex, and the afflictions that depress, the heart of man! Thine eye all eagerness, and thy breast all hope, fasten only on the lighter coloring of life. The respect which the wisdom of years receives, and the pleasures which the wealth of Mammon commands, stand out to thy vision in bold relief, and excite those restless desires, which must die by satiety, if not by disappointment.—The care-worn countenance thou discernest not. The remorse of ill-gotten treasures lies too deep for thy scrutiny. The disappointment that turns back on the heart of the voluptuary, and the vanity that is felt to attach to every earthly pursuit, come not within the scope of thy anticipations.

I cannot but believe, but the period of youth is, after all, the happiest portion of man's earthly existence. I speak now of those over whom has never come the sanctifying influence of religion. Viewed as a tenant of earth, and apart from his relations to eternity, the man who has passed the hey-day of youth has certainly left behind him the most beautiful and fragrant part of his journey. He has bid adieu to scenes of innocent delight, which even memory feels mournful in reviewing. Pleasures which had a relish have now become insipid, and hopes which were then in blossom have been blasted, or at best have only borne the fruits of disappointment.

There may be a few favored exceptions; but the surprise which those few excite is proof of the general sentiment we have expressed.

Let me then, my reader, address to you some considerations and cautions, connected with the present period of your existence. I shall do it with tenderness and affection. I shall do it as one standing on the line between buoyant youth and sedate manhood; retaining, as I trust, the fire of the former, though chastened somewhat by the incipient cares and afflictions of the latter. With you I can sympathize. I know your hopes, your fears, and your feelings. I was born with the same characteristics, and was educated on the same soil. I have indulged the anticipations, and have shared in similar pleasures. I wish you to know that you are enjoying probably the happiest period of your earthly career. I would not drop one ingredient of misery in your cup, nor extinguish one generous thought, nor curb one rational anticipation. On the contrary, it shall be my aim, in the observations I shall offer, to heighten your enjoyments, to displace an earthen cup, by a golden chalice; to turn your feet from sterile moors to fragrant groves; and to open upon your vision fruits that never become tasteless, flowers that never fade, and a source of happiness that shall increase forever.

## Plaster Paris, &amp;c.

The subscriber has on hand 1000 Casks Ground Plaster Paris of superior quality. Great pains having been taken by an experienced person in selecting the Plaster for the Lubec Manufacturing Company. Also 3000 bushels Liverpool SALT—20 hogsheads retailing Molasses—Fish—Tar—Rosin. Together with a general assortment of West India Goods, which will be sold low for cash, country produce or approved credit.

ALEX. H. HOWARD.

Hallowell, Dec. 12, 1835.

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## Turner's Compound lever Pump.

The subscriber having taken out letters Patent for a new invented apparatus for raising water, and other similar purposes, will be happy to answer any orders for pumps, or rights for using the same. His improvement may be attached to a single pump, but is much better for a double one, as two streams of water may be thrown with equal ease, and in about the same time as one. It is admirably adapted for pumps in vessels, as they can be worked by one or a dozen hands as occasion may require, and twice the quantity of water thrown as there is in the usual way.

It is cheap, simple and durable, and is confidently recommended to the public. Please call, examine, and satisfy yourself. JOSEPH TURNER.

East Poland, October 27th, 1835.

## Important to Pig Breeders.

THE subscriber will keep for the use of all who desire, during the ensuing season a prime Boar. He is half blood Bedford and half blood native—young, active, and healthy.—Call and see him.

J. GLIDDEN.

Winthrop, Nov. 10, 1835.

## Notice,

To those who are desirous of improving their Swine. The subscriber has a likely young BOAR, 7 months old, mixed breed of the Newbury white and Mackay breeds, which he intends to keep for the benefit of those who want his services.

DAVID FOSTER.

Winthrop, Dec. 3, 1835.

## PROSPECTUS

OF THE

## New-England Galaxy.

THE GALAXY has been published eighteen years.—The Nineteenth Volume will commence with the coming year and be conducted by JOHN NEAL & HENRY F. HARRINGTON. Assisted by several popular and well known authors.

The columns of the paper will be mostly filled with STERLING ORIGINAL ARTICLES:

Of which Tales, Poetry and Essays—Notices of New Publications, and of the Times—Sketches of Foreign and Domestic Character and Scenery—Biographical Notices of eminent Individuals, and Letters from Correspondents, etc., will form prominent features.

The Publishers will endeavor as far as practicable to support American Literature and Character—to sustain a manly and unyielding criticism on Literature, Men and Manners and the Drama, without regard to friends or foes—to exercise a surveillance over all matters of local interest by exposing all nuances and abuse of the public weal, and to handle Quackery under its various garbs without gloves. This course, a rapid and continued accession of subscribers has already proved eminently popular and successful, the Galaxy promising soon to possess a larger list, than any weekly paper in this state. Determined therefore, still more to merit support and in furtherance of a promise that the paper should increase in literary merit as it gained in public favor, the Publishers have engaged correspondents in several parts of our own country and in Europe.

In addition to which they offer in Prizes—

## ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS

As follows—FIFTY DOLLARS for the best, and TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the second best TALE and TWENTY-FIVE for the best POEM. The subjects and length of the several articles to be at the option of the competitors.—Manuscripts can be directed to the Editors of the Galaxy, *post paid*, to June 1st. 1836, and the award will be made by a literary committee during the month following. The address of the writer should be enclosed in a sealed note marked 'Name,' and the direction of the successful authors only will be opened. All the manuscripts to be at the disposal of the publishers of the Galaxy.

TERMS OF THE GALAXY—THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE. Postmasters or others forwarding twelve dollars shall receive five papers or a reasonable commission.

CONDON &amp; CO.

32 Congress street, Boston.

November 7th 1835